

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday May 19. to Saturday May 26. 1705.

## A Ballad.

**T**HE County of Oxford is Tack'd to the City,  
The City of Oxford is Tack'd to the Schools,  
The Schools, they are Tack'd (which is wonderous  
pitty)  
To Old Obadia's Highflyers and Fools.

No wonder that such chuse a set of true Tackers,  
Who Tory-like would not let William wear  
Lawrel,  
But applauded the Irish Rebellion and Actors;  
And Sainted Sir Fenwick, but more the Horse S--l.

Then Tackers Tack on, till your Head Tacker  
come,  
And Tack ye together, ye bundles of Tares!  
He'll Tack ye all fast, yet none shall want Room;  
Ye are now but dark Sparks! O then ye'll all Blaze.

## Love's Arithmetick.

### I.

**N**ear a Stormy Rivers side  
Filena and Eurillus fate;  
As are the Sands beneath the Tide,  
So are my Pains Eurillus cry'd:  
Or as the Waters is my Fate,  
Which with incessant Billows beat,  
When tossing Ships to th' Welkin Ride.

### II.

Filena touch'd with what he said,  
Full of Love as he could be,  
Gently rais'd her pleasing Head,  
And with an equal Cause reply'd,  
As many Stars as has the Sky  
As many Leaves as has the Tree,  
So many Grievs and Fires Feed.

### III.

With that the Shepherd all on Fire,  
Grasp'd her to his longing Arms;  
My Love, said he, high as Desire  
Builds its Hopes, let us aspire,  
And leave low Earth for Air, where swarms  
As many Birds as thou hast Charms,  
And near the melting Sphere expire.

## Cynthia to Orontes. By Melinda.

**T**HE Friendship, to our long Acquaintance  
due,  
I've freely given, and receiv'd from you:  
Friendship, Orontes, that will surely prove  
The firmest Basis to a lasting Love.  
Something like that of late has warm'd my Breast,  
And I with Joy indulge the pleasing Guest.  
My Heart could ne'er be taken by Surprise,  
(They'r wand'ring Flames that kindle at the Eyes.)  
Reason o'er Womens Passions does preside,  
Assisted by our Guardian, useful Pride:  
Love cannot easily our Hearts subdue,  
But once o'ercome we're to the Conquerer true.  
Our Sex indeed but very seldom woo,  
That favour is deserv'd by very few,  
And of those few is brave Orontes one:  
Nor will I blush my well-plac'd Love to own;  
The only Vows of Love I ever made,  
In tender Sighs are to Orontes paid.  
Ingratitude can't touch your Gen'rous Mind;  
Gifts, unexpected, and unask'd, must bind,  
I know my self, and therefore will disdain  
Despair, or Jealousy, to entertain:  
No stormy Passion can my Soul invade,  
But Calm resolves have this Discov'ry made;  
My Virtuous Flame does bright, but gently Burn,  
May't in your Breast kindle a kind return.  
Like me not worse, for this unusual way,  
But let me think, with Joy, I hear you say.  
"I wisht; but durst not hope she would be mine,  
"How just was Love, our equal Hearts to joyn.  
May this be one of Loves, Propitious Hours,  
And your kind Answer more confirm me yours.

## The various Humour of Mankind.

**G**ive me a Charming Girl, Twangdillo cries,  
I know no Happiness but Love's sweet Joys;  
Give me brisk Claret, says the Red-fac'd Sot,  
Damn Whores----Here, Sirrah, bring up t'other  
(Quart.  
For Flights, and Similies, the Poet raves;  
The Grave Philosopher true Knowledge craves.  
The Priest for a Good Benefice lays wait,  
The Proud Man covets to be Rich, and Great.  
The Lover whines to gain the Cloven Spot,  
And Nice Sir Courtly wants--he knows not what.  
The Soldier loves to Conquer when he Fights,  
And in the Plunder of the Town Delights.

The

*But I, poor I, want ev'ry thing by turns,  
Except a Scolding Wife, and Cuckold's Horns.*

On Friendship. By Dorinda.

Once with Araspe's Friendship was I Blest,  
Our Souls were lodg'd within each others  
(Breast.

But now —

I fear some bappy Youth usurps her Heart,  
Then routed Friendship must of course depart :  
For which Araspe once did hourly sue,  
And vainly Vows she's Constant still, and True ;  
But sure none ever justly could pretend,  
To act at once the Lover and the Friend.

To one that recommended Sack to a  
Fat Man to make him Lean.

I Wonder'd much, my Friend, what you cou'd  
mean,  
To say, that drinking Sack wou'd make one lean,  
But now, I find, that I mistook you clean.  
For th' other day I met one who I know  
Fear'd Fatness much, but he had ply'd Sack so,  
That Faith, unless he lean'd, he cou'd not go.  
Excuse me then, for now I see your meaning,  
Tho' Sack won't make one Lean, 'twill make one  
leaning.

To a Lady that turn'd her Cheek to him  
when he went to kiss her.

Is't for a Grace, or is't for some dislike,  
That when I'd kiss your Lips, you turn your  
Cheek ?  
Some think this Carriage rude in your Behaviour,  
But I shou'd rather take it for a favour.  
For I to shew my Kindness, and my Love,  
Wou'd leave both Lip and Cheek to kiss your  
Glove :  
And with the Cause to make you full acquainted,  
Your Glove's perfum'd, your Lips and Cheeks  
are painted.

A Maid in Love with a Youth blind  
with one Eye.

Though a Sable Cloud benight  
One of thy Fair Twins of Light,  
Yet the other brighter seems,  
As 't had robb'd its Brother's Beams ;  
Or that both Lights to one were run,  
And of two Stars, now made one Sun.  
Cunning Archer ! who knows yet,  
But that thou wink'st my Heart to bit !

*But the God of Love will call.*

Enjoyment, the End of Love.

No, No, 'tis not Love ; you may talk till  
Doom's-day,  
If you tell me 'tis more than meer satisfaction :  
I'll never believe one Tittle you say,  
Tho' Burgiss and Oates were the Heads of  
(your Faction.

The Poets were therefore a Number of Owls,  
To make such a stir with a Baby-Fac'd God,  
'Tis only Priapus, who scares the Wild-Fowls,  
And Rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.

'Twas He was the Father of all the Graces ;  
For He's the Beginning and End of our wooing,  
Your Smiles and your Glances, and wanton Gri-  
(maces,  
They all do but End in Handling and Doing.

Hence they that in Faces find Coral and Rubies,  
Pearl, Diamonds and Gold more bright than  
(the Sun ;  
Notwithstanding all this, These Poetical Boobies,  
Despise all that Treasure if farther sh' has none.

Your Oaths, Protestations, and Vows, to the Dame,  
Ask Solon, Lycurgus, both Learned and  
(Smart,  
They'll tell you the Place from whence they all came,  
Is half a Yard almost below the Heart.

If the Lady be Rich, 'tis the Portion you'd have ;  
And a Coach, or fine Cloaths her Love do  
(Encourage ;  
But alas ! If Either do Either deceive,  
Love presently Cools like a Mefs of Peas  
(Porridge.

Then if this be your Love, the Devil take Love ;  
When self Satisfaction is all the Design ;  
But let me Love that which all Men approve,  
An Angel in Purse, and a Glass of Good  
(Wine.

Advertisements.

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